

All communications for this paper should be accompanied by the name of the author; not necessarily for publication, but as an evidence of good faith on the part of the writer. Write only on one side of the paper. Except in the case of long articles, names and dates to have the letters and figures plain and distinct.

THE NEST IN THE WIND.

Now that the trees on the hill are bare
Against the sky a pale, pale blue,
You can see the nest that hangs by a hair
Unhurt of the gale as it whistles by.

Look how lightly it rocks and swings—
The sudden flutter that strips a rose
Might snap its hold; yet it swings and clings
In the blindest westerly wind that blows.

Many a blast from the north and west
Hurries over this hill-top black,
But snatches the nest from the storm-floods
And snatches it back to its old perch.

Roofs and eaves by some frail device
While the mighty river that lies below
Is bound, resisted in chains of ice
And the mountains are lurid deep in snow.

I've rubbed out a picture there and again
As lovingly as an artist could
Done all in white on a black-and-white
Just for the sake of that nest in the tree.

For many a night when the wind was so strong
That it rocked the beds where the children lay
I thought—but again and again thought
That now, without doubt, it was blown away.

So to see what had happened while I was
Away from home, I went to the nest
And found for a clear space where to peep
The whole of the fanciful, frail design.

Paint-tree and pine and fern would grow
On the glass again, the frosty night
But to see the nest swinging so free
In the teeth of the wind, was a sight right!

And rarest yet is the sight, when spring
Calls from afar her wandering throng
Of the plumage eye and the restless wing,
And the throat that thrills with delicious song.

For then the nest is alive again
With its chirping, fluttering feathered
And you understand it is not in vain
That it weathered the winter's cold.

With Willie; he considered it would be
a good idea to have a powerful instrument
for enforcing his own view, for he had full
command of King's "Folk" magazine—some-
thing like a hundred pounds—left her
father, Adam's elder brother, who had
preceded him in the occupation of the "Red
Lion" in the big box that stood in Adam's favorite
attic room, for he had a deep-rooted sus-
picion of black, and like many other com-
ing folk of that time, held that his savings
could not be safer than under his own lock
and key.

"If you marry Allan," he said to Kitty,
and she knew that no nice scruples about
right and wrong would hinder him from
spending his money, "not a penny will you
get from me."

The truth was that he had quite another
scheme in his head. Why should Kitty
look beyond his son, Allan? True, they were
cousins, but the prejudice against
cousins marrying was not strong in the
neighborhood of Blackford, and he was
there, where his father was only one
and a half miles away.

Adam, though he had not his father's
spirit and cleverness, was a hard worker
and very careful of his money. Some people
said, for whereas his father was only one
and a half miles away, he was as far as
saving, he was as mean and hard as a
rock.

But in the matter of making money, he
was not far from his father. He had a
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"Ah! I've thought of that, but the old
one's over come. I believe he was the
key of the big chest around his neck."

"If that's all your trouble, I know where
to get a new one. I'll get a new one
frightened. Aleck! Folk might call it a
robbery."

"That wouldn't be true. The money is
mine as much as his. For I work hard
for it, and there's a lot of it yours,
Kitty, and he wouldn't make much noise
about it. He would rather let me have
it by making it a by-word, and he likes you
so much that he wouldn't seek to get you into
trouble. There would be murder,
though, if he got hold of it himself."

That was the way in which the elopement
was planned. During the next few days
the cousins were busy with their prepara-
tions, and even shrewd Adam was de-
ceived, and thought, poor man, that his
niece had been won by love, and not by
any mercenary motives, but because of the
weighty advice he had given her. Never
had he felt more serenely happy than on
the Sunday afternoon of the elopement.

He was in the kitchen, and the fore-
parts in soup, the hind parts in a pie—and
after a dinner that might have pleased an
Emperor, followed by a taste of the
old brandy—brandy that for the exclusive
use of the fox-hunting squire would be
somewhat different from the brandy that
they met with in the neighborhood—he
sallied forth for his usual Sunday after-
noon walk, with pipe in mouth and Jack
dog at his heels.

"If you want a bit of sport," said Kitty
to him as he was going out, "take a turn in
the garden. I have a new plan. I have
chance of asking her meaning, for there
were others about, but he said to himself:
"Aleck! she's a sharp one. It's a means
another good dinner, or I'm cheated," and
went his way.

No sooner was he gone than a tremendous
bustle began in the public house, although
it was shut on Sundays. Aleck did not
know what to make of it, and he went
to see what was going on.

"We have four weary miles to have to walk
into Scotland," said Kitty, "and we have
to carry the better Aleck. That box'll
be a weight to take in itself. Aleck!
"We'll have plenty of time to get to the
Beter say we've gone for a walk, and he'll
be as pleased as Punch. Have you opened the
chest?"

"Yes," said Kitty, "it's all right. The
only pity is I could not open the little box,
and you'll have to take it with you."

Darkness was just falling when the two
fugitives emerged from the "Red Lion."
The peaceful villages were all within
dozens of feet, and the sharp
faintly, followed by a taste of the
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Beter say we've gone for a walk, and he'll
be as pleased as Punch. Have you opened the
chest?"

"Yes," said Kitty, "it's all right. The
only pity is I could not open the little box,
and you'll have to take it with you."

Darkness was just falling when the two
fugitives emerged from the "Red Lion."
The peaceful villages were all within
dozens of feet, and the sharp
faintly, followed by a taste of the
old brandy—brandy that for the exclusive
use of the fox-hunting squire would be
somewhat different from the brandy that
they met with in the neighborhood—he
sallied forth for his usual Sunday after-
noon walk, with pipe in mouth and Jack
dog at his heels.

"If you want a bit of sport," said Kitty
to him as he was going out, "take a turn in
the garden. I have a new plan. I have
chance of asking her meaning, for there
were others about, but he said to himself:
"Aleck! she's a sharp one. It's a means
another good dinner, or I'm cheated," and
went his way.

meant to start a pack. Would you have
stashed me in that dirt?"

"He didn't know what it was," answered
her to him. "I just wanted to try his
mettle, so I put this box in the room of the
other one, and it's back in its place now,
neither touched nor opened."

"I'm glad of that," said the old pub-
lisher, and he went to his room. He was
the words there was something in the voice
that made him sink deep. "It would have
been a sad day for me when I found you
turning against me. But Willie, lad, if
you want to catch this skittish filly, you'd
better be quick. Down to the minister's
you go to-morrow and get your names
asked; and as for you, you lubberly lump,
after making a fool of yourself like that,
the cousins will be sure to get your names
asked."

"Mary him to Bet, suggested Kitty.
"The very ticket!" returned her uncle.
"Will you have him, Bet?"

"Aye, that will I," said the laconic maid.
"